

'IN RUHLEBEN CAMP'

Nº2

20 pfg.



REAL ENGLISH TOFFEE

Ruhleben Stores

THE IRISH PLAYERS

will shortly

PRESENT

CATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN by *W. B. Yeats*

SPREADING THE NEWS by *Lady Gregory*

and

THE RISING OF THE MOON by *Lady Gregory*

From the Repertoire of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

With an all Irish cast.

In RUHLEBEN CAMP

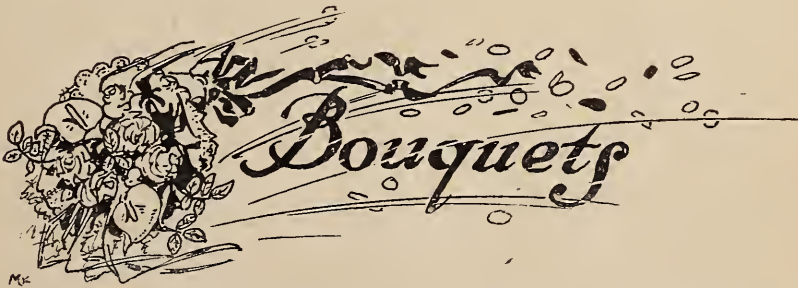
No. 2.

June

1915.

Thank you is the burden of our song this number. Thank you to everyone, to those who helped in the production of our first number, to those who bought it and were kind enough to express their appreciation.

At the same time the Camp has not quite taken us at our word. Last time we said quite clearly that we wished our journal to be a true expression of Camp life and that it was to be written by the Camp for the Camp. Thus we had hoped to have received many messages of friendly criticism and suggestion, which have, however, been unfortunately lacking. If you don't like a feature, please write and tell us; drop a note into our letter box as you go along the promenade, we shall appreciate it very much. By the way, to all and sundry, no one is making anything out of this paper — except the advertisers who get increased business.



WE throw a bouquet at the gentleman in Barrack 2 who started the gardening idea.

WE throw a bouquet, a nice one full of roses, to the A. & S. U. for having at last justified its existence by giving us the directions (included in this number) as to how to get bread from England through in good condition.

WE blush and do not mention the still fresh bouquets on our own office table.

ARTS & SCIENCE UNION

THE PROGRAMME OF LECTURES, as given in the last issue continues in force, with the addition of a series of lectures on the Human Body by Mr. Edge at 10 a. m. on Tuesdays. Mr. Smith will continue Mr. Bröse's lectures on mechanics into the field of Hydrostatics, and Mr. Bröse will commence a series of lectures on elementary coordinate geometry and conic sections, at times to be announced.

Every Wednesday and Saturday at 10 a. m. a POPULAR LECTURE ON SOME TECHNICAL SUBJECT is given, as a rule two lectures in sequence by the same lecturer. Among the subjects already arranged for are fuel economy; fire-prevention; the production of iron; transport; producing, buying and selling electricity; mechanical flight; the modern newspaper.

Every Saturday at 3 p. m. a POPULAR LECTURE on some BRITISH COLONY OR FOREIGN COUNTRY treated particularly from the economic and commercial point of view, is given. Lectures are already arranged for Canada, China, and Russia. The Union would be greatly indebted for assistance in maintaining a supply of lecturers in this field.

MONDAY EVENINGS IN THE HALL will be devoted to artistic work of all kinds. A English Folk-Act evening, a lecture on Modern Drama illustrated by short scenes from plays acted in costume, a madrigal concert, a chamber music evening, a poetry evening, are in course of preparation.

STUDY FACILITIES are dealt with by a sub-committee as announced by a notice posted in each barrack. The Third Grand Stand is being fitted by the Education Department of the Camp with tables and seating accomodation, for those wishing to work out of doors.

A weekly meeting of BIOLOGISTS, CHEMISTS & PHYSICISTS on Wednesday at 6 p. m. has been arranged for the purpose of hearing papers on subjects of mutual interest, to be followed by a discussion.

Membership of the Union is open to all members of the Camp in sympathy with its aims. There is no subscription. Attention is drawn to the NOTICE BOARD at the First Grand Stand, near the German parcels office. All lectures are free to all members of the Camp.

H. S. HATFIELD,
Hon. Sec.
Barrack 3, Box 10.

HOW THE CAMP SPENDS ITS MONEY.

Interview with Camp Treasurer.

“WE intend to make this paper, in so far as we are able, a real expression of Camp life and Camp views.”

This was the policy of this paper, as outlined in our first number, and in accordance with that policy our representative called on Mr. Jones, the Camp Treasurer, and requested an interview on the subject of the pecuniary affairs of the Camp. The request was readily granted and we trust the result thereof will be that the Camp will have a clearer idea as to the point of view from which the funds are managed — a point of view by the way, which has hitherto never been explained to the Camp. Owing, this we must add in fairness to the Captains, to the lack of a vehicle therefor.

“Well, what is it you want to know?” asked Mr. Jones.

“Quite bluntly this: the Camp has seen the Balance Sheet and the Camp is not satisfied with it. The Camp wants to know where the details are.”

“It must be remembered that there is no necessity at all for us to publish these accounts. They are put into this form at the request of the American Embassy and the Embassy were asked by us for sanction to publish them. The Captains are responsible to the Embassy and to no one else as regards the pecuniary matters of the Camp. The Embassy has audited the accounts and the letter accompanying the auditor’s certificate is surely sufficient to show that the accounts are in order and approved of.”

“It is the old question, Mr. Jones, which a large proportion of the Camp is constantly asking — whether justified or not is not for me to say at present. It is ‘Are the Captains going to take their fellow-prisoners into their confidence or are they seeking to set up an absolutely autocratic regime?’

“That has nothing to do with me, apply elsewhere.”

“But surely you regard the Captains as answerable to the Camp as well as to the Embassy with regard to Camp matters.”

“So far as pecuniary matters are concerned, Mr. Powell is answerable personally and solely to the American Embassy.”

“But the Captains’ Office is, or was at its inception at least, meant to be a democratic institution.”

“That has nothing to do with money matters. The Captains’ job was to organise the Camp, and I think the various departments of Camp life offer sufficient evidence as to both their capabilities and industry in this direction.”

"Can you give me all the details of the item: 'General Camp Expenditure' on the Balance Sheet?"

"No, I cannot. It would entail a large amount of unnecessary analysis and in my opinion it is not called for. I have quite enough to do to classify the accounts as they appear on the financial statement."

"Who are the paid workers and who are not?"

"The police force are unpaid. The Post officials are unpaid, so are also Barrack Cashiers, Laundrymen, Sub-captains, Librarians, Kitchen inspectors, Postmen, etc. etc. The people in the Canteen obtain their dinners from the Casino, as they cannot go up for their meals at regular times. The same applies to part of the office staff, and the hot-water men. The Camp Carpenter, Mr. Osborne, although working from morning till night, does his work quite voluntarily, only being allowed his dinner from the Casino. The assistant carpenters are paid the usual workers' wages, that is to say, 5 M a week or they can choose to have a meal from the Casino. No-one gets more than 8 M per week. The Captains do not get paid nor do they get their dinners free, nor do they get anything free."

"Do I understand rightly that in future the funds of all Societies in the Camp are to remain in the hands of the Camp treasurer and that being so any Society which wishes to spend 2d must come to you for it?"

"No, not quite so bad as that, an Entertainment Committee has been formed, certainly, which will control the finances of all societies professing to work for the entertainment of the Camp, and that Committee will have charge of their funds. All proposed productions must be submitted to that Committee with an estimate of the cost of same and the expenses will be paid out of the common fund."

"Yes, and that raises a very important question. Is that Committee going to work on the basis that Shows must make a profit for the Camp Fund, so that the more cheaply produced Shows will receive preference, apart from the question as to which Shows will entertain the Camp most?"

"I understand that any entertainment which the Committee think will amuse the Camp will be sanctioned, provided the cost of production is reasonable and within the means at the disposal of the Committee."

"And what would happen to the profit finally left over? For all these shows do make a profit, don't they?"

"No, the Dramatic Society for instance has made no profit whatever, but any surplus existing when the Camp breaks up will be handed over to the American Ambassador."

BITS OF
 THE CAMP
 No. 2.
 THE BOILER-
 HOUSE
 AND CAMP
 BILL POSTING
 STATION.



Engine House & Notices - Rukhlan
 A H. H. H. 1915.

"But you must admit that the expenses of the Dramatic Society for instance, will be greatly lessened in the future, because they have now a large stock of properties on hand and therefore will probably show a considerable balance on the right side before the Camp breaks up and certainly this will be the case with the Revue people and the Variety Shows, not to speak of the Irish players."

"That may be so, but it is hypothetical, as in all probability we shall not find a buyer for all these properties when we make tracks for home!"

"Handing the balance of the Camp fund over to the American Ambassador means, I take it, that it will ultimately pass into the Exchequer of the English Government, just as the money we receive through the Embassy comes therefrom originally."

"Yes, I assume that to be the case. My responsibility in this connection ceases on handing the surplus over to the Embassy."

"Another case, the Mumming Birds held their Show with a view to raising funds for a definite object, but under this new regime, surely it will not be possible for any Society giving shows to determine the object toward which any profit they may make shall contribute."

"Oh, certainly not. If the object, however, be a worthy one, there is no doubt as to the object receiving the consideration of the Committee and the Captains, provided of course that the military authorities also give their sanction."

"What do you think, Mr. Jones, of the suggestion of a Camp tax?"

"I think it a good one, but the usual objection a Britisher has to taxes of any description would in our case make it difficult to collect. We are not in a position to put in the Bums when a man refuses to pay, you see. In order to obviate any difficulty, the Captains decided to ask the American Embassy if it would pay any reasonable expense which was necessary for the upkeep and running of the Camp, and received an affirmative reply."

"What does the race-course cost us?"

"It costs us 1000 M. (£ 50) for the season, which expires in September."

"And after then?"

"After then we go home." (Perhaps! — Ed.)

"Just one more question. Why shouldn't we get our hot water free of charge?"

"Because we do not believe in giving things free of charge. It has been tried and it has been a failure. Free

distribution has invariably been abused. Besides, the money derived from that source goes to keeping the Canteen prices steady."

"You mean that what we gain on the roundabouts we loose on the swinging-boats?"

"Well, that is one way of looking at it. But then remember it is highly important to keep food-stuff prices steady and also a point to be borne in mind is that the people who buy the hot water are chiefly those who are presumably well able to pay for it. If a man has no means, he can always fetch his coffee from the kitchen. As a matter of fact, a new arrangement is being made, with a view to reducing the price of water, (Books of tickets will be issued — Ed.) and you will hear of this in due course."

"Taxing the rich to feed the poor, eh?"

"Well yes it is that to a certain extent."

"Thank you Mr. Jones, good-day!"

T. A. B.

LONELY LANE.

(A Hint for the Ruhleben Camp Authorities.)

OH, were I but a Captain bold,
Or graced some Camp Committee
On scores of bored and harassed souls
I'd take a little pity.
And plan a spot called Lonely Lane
Somewhere in Prison City.

The nervous wrecks & moody wights,
Heart-sick and rumoun-ridden,
Might mope in peace, secured by law
Unchallenged and unhidden,
For on a board should stand out plain
ALL TALKING IS FOR BIDDEN.

In misanthropic paradise
Our ears should find protection,
From windbags eager to discharge
Some murderous predilection,
Or worm their victims' secrets out
For ruthless vivisection.

No self-styled strategist should prate
Of ships and arms and horses,
Or lecture there on strength of arms,
And tactics of the forces
Or trump up Russian victories
From more than dubious sources.

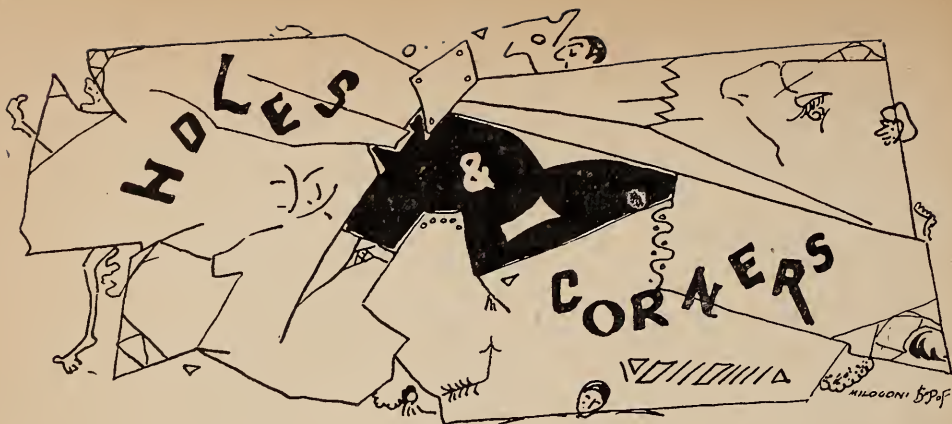
'Tis weary work to cloak with smiles
Our fits of desperation
To shape each act and work to meet
The public approbation,
And never find a quiet nook
For silent meditation.

Poor captives grow by daily use
So sick of one another.
They fly to see the friend's approach
Who once was like a brother:
And seek a place, where ill-concealed
Vexation they can smother.

The weary clatter of the clogs
Upon the concrete flooring,
The wagging of a hundred tongues
In stale discussion warring.
The jokes, the whistling soon become
Insufferably boring.

But there from racket we should find
A lull of calm reflection:
A place where none should need to hide
The traces of dejection:
Or if he laughed, might laugh alone,
And fearless of detection.

H. J. W. Tilyard.



DO you like this number? Will you be good enough to give us your opinion on a postcard, together with any suggestions you may care to make.

WE owe an apology and an explanation to the Arts & Science Union. In our last issue we announced that this body intended to organise an exhibition of artistic work done in the Camp and we assure the Committee that we had really no idea of forestalling them when we entered upon the poster campaign for our first number.

OWING to the "unforeseen circumstances" delaying publication of our first number, we regret that we did not leave sufficient time for those who wished to enter for our short story competition and have therefore decided not to close entries until the 10th of next month.

WILL the Camp please note that our advertisement pages are by no means the least interesting feature of the paper. The advertisement of the various official stores, for instance, will, we feel sure, satisfy a long-felt want, for lacking as they do a shop-window, this announcement will give the Camp an idea of what they really have in stock.

WITH regard to the "Official notices", may we point out that these pages are supplied to us by the Captains' Office and that we have therefore no editorial responsibility for them.

IN response to numerous enquiries, we beg to state that we have no official information as to whether the Captains' Office has been whitewashed or not.

WE have, however an official denial of the statement that Mr. Adler will produce "Hamlet" next month and himself play the title role (Our nude sub-editor says "I should say Adler has played 'Hamlet' often enough in the Camp already".)

The same applies to the rumour that the Dramatic Society intends shortly to present Goethe's "Faust" done into English out of the French by a prominent member of that body.

(Continued on page 10)



LEIGH HENRY



DUNCAN JONES.

THE MEN OF THE FORTNIGHT !

WE very much regret that our attempt to produce a poster which would be pleasing to Mr. Leigh Henry and other disciples of Futurism in the Camp should have led to so many misunderstandings and misconceptions. Our tame artist was really to blame. It happened thus. We told our artist that he was to produce a futurist poster. He refused. He wasn't any blankety-blank-blank futurist. But when we explained that what was wanted was "only a bit of wall-paper gone mad" he gleefully assented and executed the commission in irreproachable fashion. In order to enhance the effect of the work of art, we appended without permission (believing as we do that the end would justify the means) the name of a Futurist devotee well-known in Arts & Science circles. We beg the gentleman's pardon, but really we had nothing at all to do with the congratulations showered upon him by other devotees, acolytes, disciples, or whatever may be the correct name, of Futurism. Indeed, we ourselves also suffered considerable inconvenience, for our sanctum was invaded by a quartette of very youthful little Futurists who retarded our editorial labours by talking of the emotional, the psychological, the intuitive, the prophetic qualities of the poster and described its "evocativity on their subconsciousnesses". Also we were not to blame that a [well-known] theatrical producer should hysterically beg the gentleman whose name adorned the poster to give up his scientific labours and to devote his future exclusively to Futurism. The day following our advertising campaign, our office was electrified by a commission for a similar poster for a Shakespearean play. We conveyed the same to our artist with due pomp and circumstance, but he received us with naughty words and indignant questionings as to whether the damned people thought he were serious. Ultimately we were driven to the device of getting the scientific gentleman himself to paint a poster and appending our artist's name thereto. Alas! The commissioner turned it down with the remark that it bore a striking similarity to the inside of a butcher's shop gone mad. Che gente! Che gente!

AN apology to the Camp as a whole — and this should have come at the head of our column, — for the false hopes raised by our poster: "IN RUHLEBEN CAMP — OUT TOMORROW".

IN our next number we hope to include an illustrated article on "Wonderland", to be found behind Barracks 4 and 3.

MR. Hatfield has received the following:

"Dear Hatfield:— I am instructed by the committee of the R. D. S. to give you the following reply to your application for permission to produce the 'Master Builder': 'The committee of the R. D. S. have considered Mr. Hatfield's English translation of the Master Builder and regret they are unable to pass it as they do not consider it fit for Ruhleben. The play as translated possesses no dramatic merit, is absolutely deficient in action and the dialogue, in the opinion of the committee, does not attain the necessary level to compensate for these deficiencies.

Yours —

W. J. Crossland Briggs."

Poor old Hatfield and poor old Ibsen too!

GREAT NEWS! We are pleased to announce that very shortly the price of hot water will be reduced. Books of tickets will be issued which will enable those who are constant queuers at the hot-water shed to get their needs supplied at greatly decreased cost. Congratulate the Captains on a really sensible bit of work!

BY the way, if you don't like the advertisements, tell the advertiser. If you do like the advertisements — and this is the important thing — tell him so — it's good for us.

The following has been handed to us:

RUHLEBEN MUSICAL SOCIETY: At a meeting held on the third grand stand on Thursday, June 15th, at which 36 professional musicians were present. The above-named society was formed. Its objects are 1) to secure accomodation for practice and study for the professional musicians and students interned here. 2) to organise concerts and other musical entertainments in the Camp. An election by ballot for officers and committee resulted as follows: **CHAIRMAN**, Roland Bocquet; **VICE-CHAIRMAN**, E. L. Bainton, **SECRETARY**, Edward Bonhote. **COMMITTEE:** Peebles-Conn, B. J. Dale, F. Keel, W. Pauer, B. Treharne, C. Weber.

This is the official account: ours is much funnier.

WE beg to thank the gentlemen who stole our posters for the compliment they pay us as surely we are justified in inferring that they intend to use them as souvenirs and for no other purpose. If they will call at the office, we will give them some more.

ALL honour to Loft B, Barrack 2 for the excellent example they have set us with their tea-meeting. Unfortunately we have too little of the tea-meeting spirit in the Camp, we sneak away into boxes and cubby-holes, we gather in cliques and groups lacking that "all good pals together" spirit which one would expect to find in a British Gefangenenlager. However Loft B, Barrack 2 perceived this and determined to fight against it. The receipt of a large number of parcels led to the suggestion made by Mr. Saunders, one of the fortunate recipients, that the lot should be pooled and the Loft have a tea-meeting. The suggestion was acted on, each assisting according to his means and a rollicking evening that has greased the temper of the Loft ever since was spent. The sing-song which followed the banquet was quite spontaneous and was the jollier therefor. Not the least notable item was the oratorical effort of Mr. Smith, better known as Ted or Joe, who, as our Barrack 2 correspondent tells us, swung the Loft off its feet.

Other Barracks, other Lofts read, mark, learn and then you too may inwardly digest!

MR. Sullivan informs us that he has resigned the Presidency of the Sports Committee. We understand that Mr. Sullivan requested the latter body for a grant of 20 M. towards the 50 M. which had to be raised on behalf of the team, the "Rest of the Camp", which pulled against Barrack 4 in a tug-of-war, the conditions of the pull being that each side should put up

50 M. — money to be spent in medals to go to the winners. This grant was refused and Mr. Sullivan saw no other course open to him than to resign.

By the way, is it always necessary to have prizes when ever we indulge in sport? We used to be rather proud of our amateur spirit in England!

Mr. A. W. M. Platow (Bar. 2, Box 25) informs us that he is willing to place his knowledge of German legal matters at the disposal of any who need such assistance free of charge.

BY the way, we are interested to learn that Mr. Leigh Henry and Mr. Andy Reynolds intend to submit "A Midsummer Night's Dream" for production to the committee of the Dramatic Society.

THE Brothers Stein inform us that they intend to produce the German play "Doktor Klaus" on August the 1st and meanwhile Mr. Fritz Grib is preparing the German operetta "Der Graf von Luxemburg" for performance in the middle of July.

WE have asked Mr. Butterworth to give us some information as to the new Dramatic Society which we hear he is forming. But up to going to press, nothing is to hand.

If you can see them from behind
Then you're sure it's Rosalind.

From "The Rühleben Shakespeare".

HENRY C. MAHONEY

Barrack 5, Box 4.

(Holder World's Record of fine art carving.)

ENGRAVER & DESIGNER

Inscriptions, designs, names & initials artiscally
inscribed on any metal, wood & ivory.

Special Rühleben Designs submitted free

(Appointed special Engraver to Sports Committee,
Football Clubs & „In Rühleben Camp“).

NO ORDER TOO LARGE. NO ORDER TOO SMALL

Works purchased by H. M. King George V,
H. M. King Alphonse of Spain, Andrew Carnegie
and many other notabilities. Ask to see the
World's Record

THE CAMP ENGRAVER: 2nd Kiosk, Rühleben Parade.
Business Hours: 5 a. m. — 9 p. m.

SUNDAYS? NO!



TO build any forecast of the coming cricket season upon the result of a few trial matches and a fortnight of nets — on the system of one barrack, one net — is an almost impossible task, but perhaps a few cautious prophecies may be hazarded.

The bowling appears at present to be stronger than the batting, but this is almost certainly due to lack of experience on matting; and on the excellent wickets which Mr. Andrews prepares the position should be reversed before many weeks. It is exceedingly fortunate for the Camp that Mr. Andrews is interned here.

Among the barracks the most fancied seem to be 4, 5, 3 and 10. Of these, 4 possess a really good pair of bowlers, but their batting is rather an unknown quantity; 5 have not been over-represented in the trial games, but their net practice was full of promise. Three, like 4, appear very strong in attack, whilst 10 have the strongest side of all on paper, but paper form is often deceptive, a fact of which members of Barrack 10 prefer not to be reminded too often.

Although 3 possess two really stylish batsmen, we are inclined to suspect the existence of a "Tail". The energy of 2 in fielding practice deserves success, and should give them a higher place in the league than their display at the nets promised. Thirteen may turn out the "dark horse" of the competition. Eleven we did not see, but a barrack which has provided the Cricket Association with a President and a Secretary is sure, at least, to be full of kenness. Seven have a good wicket-keeper and 8 have given us the first century-maker of the year. Barracks 1 & 14, with their usual enterprise, machen's mit.

J. C. M.

What Engl. gentleman is willing to off. his resid. in Engl. at mod. price to wife of Englishm.? Kindly comm. w. BOX 11. Off. this paper.

MR. PEARCE

Barrack 2, Loft,

will give lessons in ELOCUTION and VOICE PRODUCTION.

RUHLEBEN CRICKET LEAGUE.

Opening Match of the Season.

Barrack 2 win easily. Good Bowling.

BARRACK 2 won their first league match with great ease on Monday, June 14th., when they opposed No. 8. Simmons (29) and Gordon (28) were the top scores in No. 2's first total of 119. Gould bowled well, taking 3 wickets for 16 runs. Except for the displays of Calloway and Marchant, No. 8. failed miserably and could only manage to get 80 runs all told. Godfrey bowled well taking 6 wickets for 38. In their second attempt No. 2 declared after scoring 153 for 7 wickets, Collier (43) and Malden (36) being top scores. Leaving No. 8 with 193 to get, the innings was declared closed.

Let us say no more, perhaps No. 8 would rather we didn't. But 41 all out! Really!

Result. No. 2 119 and 153 (7) declared
No. 8 80 and 41

VARITIES v REST OF RUHLEBEN.

6th June, 1915.

GOING in first the Varsities could only secure 98 runs, being all out shortly after lunch. Belmont and Masterman showed good style, the former making 23 and the latter 24 runs. Dixon was the only other convincing bat, with 14 to his credit. Brearley's bowling was very deadly and he succeeded in obtaining 7 wickets for 51 runs.

The Rest started badly, Losing 4 wickets for 23 runs, but with Fachiri and Harrison together the score rose to 96. Fachiri gave two chances in his total of 28, however Harrison's display was excellent, his forcing strokes being the feature of his play. Barber was the only other big scorer, with 34. The total for the side was 185.

There was no batting of note in the Varsities' second innings, 7 wickets going down for 74 runs. Kitson took 3 wickets for 18 runs.

| VARITIES | | SCORES: | | REST | |
|-------------------|----------------|---------|------------------|------|---------|
| | 1st. Innings | 2nd. | | 1st. | Innings |
| Gudgeon | 7 | 7 | Ennis | 7 | |
| Roupell | 0 | 13 | Whitfield | 6 | |
| Pansonby | 1 | 0 | Bloomer | 2 | |
| Steadman | 3 | 13 | Nash | 2 | |
| Malden | 2 did not bat | | Fachiri | 28 | |
| Belmont | 23 (not out) | 10 | Harrison | 61 | |
| McGill | 3 (not out) | 10 | Barber | 34 | |
| Masterman | 24 did not bat | | Brearley | 3 | |
| Dixon | 14 | 0 | Haynes | 6 | |
| Gilbert | 0 | 9 | Stewart | 6 | |
| Simmons (not out) | 11 | 13 | Kitson (not out) | 12 | |
| Extras | 10 (7 wkts) | 5 | Extras | 18 | |
| | 98 | 74 | | 185 | |

The Mercantile Marine v. a "Rest" XI.

Scores

| | |
|------------|---------|
| Rest | 199 |
| Mercantile | 67 & 50 |
| Marines | |

"RUGGER" FOOTBALLERS V. "SOCCER" FOOTBALLERS.

| | | |
|--------|-------|--------------------|
| Result | Rugby | 34 & 95 |
| | | 95 & 129 (9 wkts.) |

FIRST DIVISION:— Twelve v. Eleven.

| | | | |
|---------|------|----|---------|
| Result. | Bar. | 11 | 171 |
| | „ | 12 | 75 & 46 |

SECOND DIVISION:—

TWO Ruhleben records were made by Bar. 5 yesterday. Their total was 250, of which Campbell made 117, both records — Congratulations Barrack 5. Peters 50 did some big hitting, including 9 fours. The first wicket produced 89 runs and the 4th wicket 110.

Bar. 6 got 31 & 30 (7 wkts.) (Flitton 3 for 8, Maw 3 for 8, Campbell 4 for 8).

First Division:— Barrack 9 v. Barrack 3.

| | | |
|---------|------------|---------|
| Result: | Barrack 9. | 65 & 70 |
| | „ | 3. 147 |

Barrack 9 (2nd XI) v. 3 (2nd XI)

| | | |
|---------|------------|----------------|
| Result: | Barrack 3. | 43 and 75. |
| | „ | 9. 118 and 39. |

Barrack XI (2nd) v. XII (2nd).

| | | | | | |
|---------|-----|-----|-----|----|--------------|
| Result: | XII | 131 | and | 32 | (8 wickets). |
| | XI | 175 | | | |

WE cannot vouch for the authority, but we are informed that 40 new theatres are being put up in the Camp in order to cope with the supply of Dramatic Societies.

THE French mimodrama "L'enfant prodigue" is to be performed in the Camp within the course of the next month or so.

JAPANESE LAUNDRY

Barrack 5 A

Proprietor: Jacob Roberts.



Laundry work well executed with the use of best materials only.



SPECIALITIES: Fine silk goods, washing suits, py-jamas and fine linen.

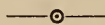


IRONING and STARCHING.

The Ruhleben EXCHANGE & MART

Barrack 5 B.

originated & conducted by
MORTIMORE HOWARD.



Do you want to buy anything?

Have you anything superfluous, anything you don't want, or anything you wish to sell?

Put it on the Exchange & Mart Register without delay.

Our motto: KEEP MOVING.

SUNNY SMITY

The BEST shoe-black in the Camp.

Business hours: 6-10.30 a.m.

BLACK
BROWN or WHITE!
CORNER BARRACK 10.

MEMORY TRAINING

(including English composition, contemporary history and geography) wanted.

Particulars & terms to

== BOX 12, ==

Office of this periodical.

HAIRCUTTING and SHAVING SALOON

BARRACK 2.

Proprietor: C. GOODWELL.

| PRICES | | | | |
|-------------------|-----|-----|-----|--------|
| Haircutting | ... | ... | ... | 30 Pf. |
| Shaving | ... | ... | ... | 15 Pf. |
| Beard trim | ... | ... | ... | 20 Pf. |
| Shampoo | ... | ... | ... | 20 Pf. |
| Gillet razors set | | | | 30 Pf. |

A. Weinberg,

— Barrack 6, Box 14. —

WATCHMAKER

Repairs done cheaply.

SAM PETER

BARRACK 13.

Best Laundry-man. Well-known to all!
CHEAP & CLEAN.

:: Ironing & starching. ::

FILMORE'S NATURAL HISTORY OF RUHLEBEN.



Kriegsgefangener Brittanicus Vulgaris. Some four thousand of this variety are known in Ruhleben where it first made its appearance towards the end of 1914 A. D. Though wholly unprovided with wings its members evince a strong desire to fly. This homing instinct has not yet been satisfied.

Walks slowly and with no precise aim but frequents sunny and sheltered spots when these are available.

Takes all kind of food readily but especially meat. Takes also to water — in lieu of anything better. Is fond of standing in groups and on meeting other members of the same family cries "enninuse". Is early in habit and retires to rest shortly before nine p. m. in the Winter though in the Summer it may stay up an hour longer. Retiring to rest is with it a process accompanied by much chatter and noise which however instantly ceases upon the cry of "Ruhejetzt" being heard (Vide *Pickelhaube ferox*). There is an aquatic branch of this interesting family (*K-Nauticus*) which is readily distinguishable by its blue plumage and its frequent use of terms of endearment. *Kriegsgefangener Arborealis* or *Tree Dwellers*. Origin obscure; attributed by Hagenbeck to the Harigans. The absence of head covering is a characteristic of this interesting but unattractive species; an abundance of hair takes the place of any more suitable covering. It is unpleasant to handle in the hot weather but has been known to wash itself. *Kriegsgefangener Niger* or "*Darkie*". This pleasing variety, now commonly met on the Eastern confines of Ruhleben, delights in playful sports of all kinds. The mouth when opened resembles a dentist's show case. Its habit of vocal exercise on moon-light nights has inspired contemporary minstrelsey (Compare coon songs) this captivating trait now labours under a disadvantage and *K. niger* retires at the same time as other and paler members of the family. *Legatus Americanus* A loquacious but very shy bird. Is believed to have visited Ruhleben at different times but is practically invisible to the naked eye being of retiring habits and difficult of access. *K. Superbus* or *Captain Bird*. Only fourteen specimens of this magnificent species are at present known. Is supposed to discharge important but obscure functions. Frequents neighbourhood of Casino. Must be approached with the greatest circumspection. Readily recognisable by white markings on left wing. *Pickelhaube Ferox* or *Vigilance*. Plumage dark blue with different markings. Is occasionally spurred. Is especially active in the early morning and at nights, at which

(Continued on page 30)

The Debating Society



DEAR INKSTAINS,

THE Debating Society had a snappy meeting on the 16th. Mr. Rutland put it to the house that civilisation had not improved our hapiness in the least, which Mr. Woods opposed. How anybody could suggest that we are any better off to-day than in the darkest middle ages rather puzzled me, but there it was and we had to make the best of it. The hit of the evening was made by the gentleman who, wishing to inform us that the strain of modern life is bad for our peace of mind, stretched forth his arms as though to embrace us and exclaimed "All around I see growing symptoms of insanity." He ought to have turned his back on us before expressing himself thus. Several gentlemen from Barrack 6 tried to switch the argument on to the side track of the Jewish question. This occurs frequently. No doubt it would make a good subject for a debate, but the chairman ought to check it promptly when it has nothing to do with the argument. Mr. Woods led his side ably but it is against the custom of debating societies to use such copious notes. A youngster came forward and made a maiden speech driving cheerfully on to the rocks of complete mental confusion and quitting the platform amid a storm of cheers. We want more of that sort. They are far more interesting to the audience than the old bores on the platform who are by now as stale as bread. We know every threadbare and bombastic phrase of theirs by heart. Give us the young 'uns and their original refreshing thought. Is not the Debating Society intended to be a school for young orators? Away with the old self-satisfied fogeys! After an interesting argument, the majority of us decided that we preferred mediaeval savagery to the artificial culture of our own century. After listening to our worthy President, Mr. Butterskotch, giving the Secretary a severe squashing that must have done him a lot of good, we adjourned until next Tuesday.

Yours faithfully
THE MADHATTER.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

MORE TROUBLE!

R.D.S. meetings are always jolly. Sunday's was no exception.

Crowded shed, Electric Atmosphere, Roll-call of members. Fun begins. The Chairman, Mr. Adler, regretted that all gentlemen present were not fully-fledged members of the Society and so could not be requisitioned to vote. This followed by strenuous remonstrance from Mr. Hatfield, which was however without avail.

Mr. Hamlyn then read a report prepared by the Committee on the work done since their election. This document modestly pointed out that under the auspices of the new Committee, the financial position of the Society had undergone a thorough purging, a deficit of 400 M. having been converted into one of 40 M. The report forgot to mention, by the way, that this had been done with the receipts from Captain Brass-bound — a play organised under the old regime and also that most of the properties of *As You Like It* were to hand when the new Committee took office. The report went on to remark that the three plays by Stanley Houghton had met with an excellent reception in the Camp and that it had been a matter of general remark that these showed a distinct improvement both as regards acting and production on previous performances. At this "even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer". Indeed, the roar which greeted this announcement was led by Mr. Hatfield himself.

The Manifesto issued to the Camp in the form of an advertisement in our first number was then read to the meeting.

Mr. Leigh Henry, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Hatfield all pointed out that this manifesto ought to have been



WHAT THE DRAMATIC
SOCIETY **REALLY** WANT.

submitted tho the general meeting before presentation to the Camp. In the opinion of these gentlemen, it was a rather unsportsmanlike, not to say underhanded, way of getting a hit in at the old committee.

Mr. Adler pointed out that the manifesto spoke of the Society, not of the Committee. Mr. Hamlyn and Mr. Pearce also supported this view, which however found but little echo among those few members of the R.D.S. whose eyes are not dimmed by the blue spectacle of prejudice.

Mr. Woodthorpe was elected a member of the Committee in place of Mr. Anderson, resigned.

Mr. Merritt moved a new rule to the effect that any member working against the interests of the Society or conducting himself with reference to the affairs of the Society in a manner derogatory to its interests should be liable to expulsion at a general meeting.

Curiously enough, this met with general acclamation, everybody regarding it as the sort of rule wanted to keep that other chap in check. Only one member protested, pointing out that should this rule be passed by that very act, the whole Society would come within its scope automatically, for he could think of nothing more derogatory to the dignity of a society than the placing of such a rule on its statue-book. The vote was taken and this one stalwart raised the only hand against the motion.

Mr. Pearce aroused a discursive and turgid discussion on the subject of the Art & Science Union. Some members of the Dramatic Society appeared to have expressed views at that meeting which were not of a flattering character with regard to the R.D.S.

Finally, Mr. Prichard, as Chairman of the A. & S. U. informed the R.D.S. that if the Union wished to develop its artistic side, it would do so without asking the leave of the Dramatic Society (this wasn't what he said, but what he meant). In any case, the Union was not going to infringe in any way on the province of the Dramatic Society.

Mr. Kapp said they had met in the A. & S. U. and considered the scheme that would meet with the approval of the whole of the Dramatic Society.

Mr. Merritt, who is always breezy, pointed out that the trouble was that some people wouldn't work under the auspices of the new committee.

In the course of the ensuing talk, it was suggested that members of the Dramatic Society should not act under any auspices other than those of the society without approaching the Committee on the subject.

Mr. Merritt (with gusto) was going to act in what he liked and he would see the Society damned first.

The course of the meeting was enlivened by occasional doubts as to who was in the Chair, Mr. Adler or Mr. Briggs.

Finally Mr. Kapp with his new idea.

The idea was that the Society should have one committee to produce ORDINARY plays, a second committee to produce artistic — with a big A — plays, and a third committee (the present one) to do business and haul the other two over the coals.

It was pointed out that the Society had elected the Committee and given it full powers if Mr. Kapp & Co. were not sincere when they voted for that committee they must expect to suffer. The list of plays included in the Manifesto was a sufficient guarantee that the Committee would not allow plays of real dramatic merit to be left in the cold.

A question elicited the fact that the "anti-committee" party had not put in any plays for production since the election of the present committee.

Mr. Kapp's idea was sat on by 30 votes to 8.

Mr. Davis proposed that the Committee be thanked for their work in drawing up the manifesto.

The motion was put and lost, but this did not coincide with the Chairman's views, so he put it again and again it was lost. "There is a mistake, the thanks are not due to the committee, but to the two gentlemen who drew up the manifesto" protested the worthy chairman. This left the rest of the committee free to vote and this time the motion was declared carried by a large majority.

The meeting then broke up but the discussion was carried on in the various holes and corners of the Camp for several days.

YOU may not have it "As You Like It" but you must like it "as you have it".

MR. KING in his performance of Rosalind really had something to be proud of — — —. 'AS YOU LIKE IT' was nearly postponed owing to Mr King's indisposition — — — Overcome by his parts we suppose!

DRAMATIC NOTICES

Norman G. KAPP.

Resting

Box 16, Barrack 3.

WANTED by member of Summer House respectable young man to fan him during the summer months and fetch his relief money.

THE RUGBY SEASON.

IN the scanty space at my disposal, it will be possible only to give a very rapid glance over the past Rugger season, the great success of which, I might say, was mainly due to the efforts of two men, Moresby-White and S. H. Gudgeon. Were it not for them, I greatly fear Rugger would never have been played in Ruhleben, and great credit is due to them for the excellent games which their efforts produced.

The season, which was of necessity a short one, closed with a series of international matches, between teams representing England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland & The Colonies, and perhaps a glance at the form displayed in these matches, may be the best way of finding out the level to which the standard of play attained.

The Scots-Colonial side, although beaten by Wales, was in my opinion much the best team and produced some very brilliant players, of whom of course Moresby-White was first. His captaincy did much to make the team what it was, and the play in the match versus England reached a very high standard. Of the backs, Campbell and Alston were excellent and of the forward line Sandy White and Rankin were easily the best.

The Welsh team was very evenly balanced and played some pretty football, their defeat of Scotland being an extremely creditable performance. Jenkins, Davis and Harris behind, and Evans, Copeland and Rayner in the pack, were perhaps the most outstanding players.

Ireland was captained by J. Molloy, who was the heart and soul of his side. He was ably backed up by Kennedy, Buckley and Ritchie, all of whom are excellent, both in the loose and the scrum. Some of their rushes reminded one of old days! The backs, of whom Greenwood and Lee were the best, were on the whole, weak, and did not seem to understand one another at all. The "wooden spoon" was looming in the distance, but the match against England had to be cancelled. Better luck next season, Molloy! Have a heart!!

The wearers of the rose, who were weakened by the loss of Gudgeon, had a very uneven side, and one or two men stood head and shoulders above the rest. Easily the pick of the scrum was the Captain, Herbert Smith, who was an untiring worker and Hill as centre outshone all the other backs completely. They were very lucky to defeat Wales.

Just a word more, Mr. Editor, and I shall have finished. If we should happen to be here next season, I hope that Rugby will be placed on a more business-like footing in the Camp, and that definite series of games will be arranged, thus giving the game, which of all games is the best, a fair chance to prove its worth.

THETA.



Uncle Tabbys' letter to his Nephews

My Dear Chicks

I was so surprised when I heard you were all spending your holidays in Germany. I do hope you are having a jolly time and that when you come back to England you will be able to tell us all sorts of Funny Stories! I hear you have set up such jolly gardens which you have dug all by yourselves and that you have such a lot of nice little pets. Now Dear I must close, but just one wee little word in your ear. I DO hope you are being very sweet Kiddies and always trot cheerily off to bed when the Soldierman tells you and oh! I do ~~you~~ hope you never never pull a long face when you are asked to take your share in the work of ^{your} ~~the~~ Baracks.

P.S. Be very careful not to step on the lizard! I am so afraid the soap crawl will leave him behind aren't you?

Yours loving
Uncle Tabby



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: Full particulars in our next numbers :

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

- "WHAT A WOMAN OF 45 OUGHT TO KNOW" by "Lobster"
C/o Clothes Stores. 6/- net. Eveleigh Nash.
- "SHORTS" — A Novel by A. Sunbather. 6/- net. Cassel & Co.
- "THE SECRET HISTORIES OF THE CAPTAINS' OFFICE"
by Francis Gribble (Bar. 7) 25/- Eveleigh Nash.
- "STAGE TECHNIQUE — HOW TO AVOID IT" by Hatfield,
2 vols. Edition de Luxe, full Morocco. £5-5-0. Nelson Library.
- "THE NIGHT LIFE OF PARIS" by Prichard. Paper covers.
1/-. George Newnes
- "THE SECRETS OF A NICE 'AM SANDWICH', by Fitzpatrick.
Half-leather. £1-1-0.
- "THE ETHICS OF LINING UP" by Butchart (Brochure) 2 d.
- "CRICKET & HOW TO PLAY IT" by O'Hara Murray. C. D.
Fry Publishing Co. 9 d.
- "INDARKEST CELLS" by Willm. Halpin. Police Budget Publ. Co. 6 d.
- "GOLF by SIMS" Barrack 10. Manning & Co. £1-1-0.
- "HOW I MET MAUD ALLAN" by Barney Griffen. Health &
Strength Library M 1.—.

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A SOUL FOR MUSIC. All pianoforte players with a "fatal" finger dexterity but without a musical soul should write to Mr. F. Ch. Adler, CARE OF The Orchestra, Ruhleben for his magnificent new free book on "SOUL IN MUSIC".

THE MAN WITH THE ARM-BAND.

*An Interview with the Captain of the Camp
by a Man without a Button.*

“OH yes, the arm-band looks very pretty and it's very nice to see 'em poppin' in and out o' the Casino and they look mighty important, but what do they do, anyway?”

Our Ober-Obmann surveyed the doubling Thomas sadly, as to say: “Of course, I am used to this sort of thing, indeed, above it. But alas, a Captain is without honour in his own Camp.”

“What don't they do, you mean.”

“No, I don't. The Captains may do a lot o' work, after all, you've got ter give the divil his due. But what I say is, Mr. Powell, is this, I can't see what work they have to keep 'em buzzing about all day and the Camp don't see it either.”

“All right. Well, would you like to hear what I've done to-day?”

“Get on with it.”

“Well, I got up at 6.30 — oh yes I did! Captains can't lie in bed without being 'raused' (!) any more than any other prisoner. And I was just settling down to my breakfast when along comes the soldier from the gate and Mister Powell is wanted to go and welcome a new arrival. The new arrival doesn't understand German, doesn't understand Ruhleben, doesn't understand anything and wants to know what the Captains are going to do about it and will they please show him where the breakfast room is. A little exercise in diplomacy results in the new Ruhlebenite filling in his slips under protest, taking the draughty corner left over in the loft under protest and reporting himself to the Barrack Captain under protest. Don't know what good it does him, the Ruhlebenite always makes a point of doing everything on the first day under protest and insists on regarding the Captains as a lot of stony-hearted villains who won't take the trouble to pop across to the office and get him his release. When once we're rid of that gentleman, back to breakfast. — Coffee is cold, marmelade pinched and box being cleaned out.”

“Thought all the Captains' meals were sent across to the Captains' Office from the Casino?!”

“Oh, did you? And I suppose you thought that a selection of Adler's Orchestra is stationed in the front office to play during meal-times! There are no meals taken in that office. Work with a Capital W is the only item on our menu.”

"Um!?"

"Then we have our correspondence to deal with, which isn't a matter of ten minutes' work, I can tell you."

"I daresay not! Other poor devils like me don't get no correspondence, but I suppose Captains' letters have a special Providence watching over them."

"You don't suppose I mean personal letters. I mean Camp letters — letters from the Embassy for instance. The American Embassy has received an enquiry through the British Foreign Office from Auntie and Sister May, saying they haven't heard from Reginald for 17 days and will the Foreign Office request the American Ambassador to go to Ruhleben personally and see if Reggie is all right and please be sure and tell him if he hasn't any thick vests he's to write at once and did he get the last parcel of underclothes. Naturally, Reggie's barrack number isn't given and we have to dig Reggie out and when we do dig him out, he regards the Captains as personally responsible for his relations being fools enough to send him underclothes instead of baccy and grub. Anyway, how is he going to write the girl if the people at home want a postcard every week? And why don't we have decent Captains and then everyone could write a postcard whenever they wanted.

Then a gentleman has written to the Ambassador complaining that as he only expected to be away from home five days he left his false teeth behind him. He has managed to get on for five months, but now the meat is in lumps, would the Ambassador send to England for his chewers. This isn't a joke, it happened, and the Captains looked into the case and now the gentleman in question has one of the nicest sets of ivories in the Camp. The Dramatic Society wants a consignment of coloured muslins and the gentleman from the Revue is very sorry that these silk stockings are not the right shade of blue and will the Captains please have them changed.

A gentleman from Barrack — has ordered 1 cwt cigars and $\frac{1}{2}$ ton cigarettes solely for personal use and it is up to the Captains to find out, as they did find out, that the gentleman in question was a non-smoker and to distribute the said smokables amongst the whole barrack as a little lesson on the evils of illicit trading. Another gentleman from the same barrack, who has ordered 50 pounds of coffee and 25 pounds of sweets, also solely for personal consumption, has to be brought to see the evil of his ways. At this point along come the Secretary of the Debating Society, the Secretary of the Dramatic Society, the Secretary of the Arts & Science Union, the Secretary of the Revue and sundry others wanting, to know why the Grand Stand Hall, which was allotted to them for such and

such a night has been pinched by the other Secretary. A good half hour is spent in pacifying the crowd, with the happy result that instead of cussing Mr. Thorpe, as they all did at the beginning, they go their various ways, all cussing each other.

Next the military authorities have to be approached and this means waiting about for an auspicious moment and such questions as the date of the opening of the new barracks and the new bogs discussed.

Naturally by this time several parcels addressed to me, including three lady's wigs, one banjo and a few dozen Otto-Sauer grammars have arrived at the gate **DESPITE** the fact that I know nothing whatever about them, I have to pay the bringer and trust to luck to finding who has ordered them."

"More of a mug than I thought you were then."

"Well, there you are. If I were to refuse them, then I should get Captain Brassbound coming round with a coal-hammer to know if I expected him to fall in love with a Lady Cicely with hair like a bit of cocoanut matting. Then, of course, the working parties are agitating on the question of tobacco. Because they like to do a bit of work, is that any reason why they should go without their 'baccy? If they're out working how can they line up and why can't some of the 25 pounds which has to supply the whole Camp be reserved for them? If the Camp grumbles, well the Captains must deal with the Camp, that's all. And by the time they are satisfied I find I have missed my dinner and have the pleasure of going across to the Casino and paying for it.

Three o'clock down come the kitchen inspectors and resign. Kitchen inspectors always do, and you can't blame them. With the means at their command, they work wonders and since the military authorities themselves took over the kitchens, have been able to improve the food out of all recognition. But they are expected to make turnips taste like aspec jelly and transform a lump of common or garden porker into pate de fois gras.

Of course, the afternoon is punctuated by gentlemen who want Casino passes, either new or renewed, and naturally, knowing that to telephone or telegraph is strictly forbidden, half a dozen or so drop in to the office with a wire or a telephone message they want sending off at once and will the Captains please foot the bill as their money from England or elsewhere has not yet arrived. After tea, nearly always interrupted, comes the Captains' meeting, which takes us to well over 7 and very often to 8 o'clock and then we strike for the day."

"Um! Yes, sounds a lot. Course I s'pose there must be things here and there cropping up, still —"

"Still — all right — still!"



Mr. A. Parr as 'Audrey'

Mr. C. Pearce as 'Touchstone'

WHEN it was first mooted in the Camp that the Dramatic Society was preparing a production of the Forest Scenes of "As You Like It", "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread" was rather the spirit of the general comment. However, ambitious as the project was and apparently insuperable as the difficulties appeared to be, we have had our production of "As You Like It" and it has been an artistic success. The play did not meet with that blizzard of applause with which the Camp — with a Capital C — is wont to receive productions of the character of the "Revue" and "Mrs. M'Ginty's Lodger", nor was it to be expected that it should be so, but at least to many lovers of Shakespeare it has given an entirely new and delightful conception of one of the most delightful of the plays. We are inclined to award the brightest laurel-wreath to the "men in the wings" for undoubtedly the setting and the music were the chief factor of the success achieved this is meant of course in no way to disparage the acting.

We heartily congratulate Mr. Duncan Jones and his indefatigable co-worker, Mr. Lee Henry and the Cast on their achievement.

Mr. Peebles-Conn writes us: "The great success of the play was due in no small measure to Prof. Treharne's music. This is the first occasion upon which we have come into contact with the composer and with Monsieur Jaques in the play, we would say. "More, prithee, more!" When one considers the limited means which were at the composer's disposal — string quartette and solo flute, which part had, unfortunately, at the last moment, to be played on the organ — then one begins to realise what a fine artist we have in Treharne. The subtle charm which pervades his music was felt by all. It is full of that which is so difficult to describe in words, and which we might term "atmosphere". And then, think of the variety of colours on Treharne's palette! Whether he is depicting the entry of Rosalind, of Corin, of Hymen, or of the Rustic, William, he always finds the keynote of the situation. And how delightful too, are his settings of "Under the Greenwood Tree", "Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind", and "It was a Lover and his Lass", which were so well rendered by Messrs. Johnston and Austin.

"I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Prof. Treharne for the intense pleasure which he has afforded us and hope that this little appreciation may be an incentive for him to let us hear something soon again."

*Mr L E Brown
as 'Silvius'*



*Mr Rawson
as 'Phoebe'*



Mr Norman G Rapp. as 'Jacques'



*Mr C King etc.
as 'Rosalind'*



Some Sketches from 'As You Like It' by Winzer'

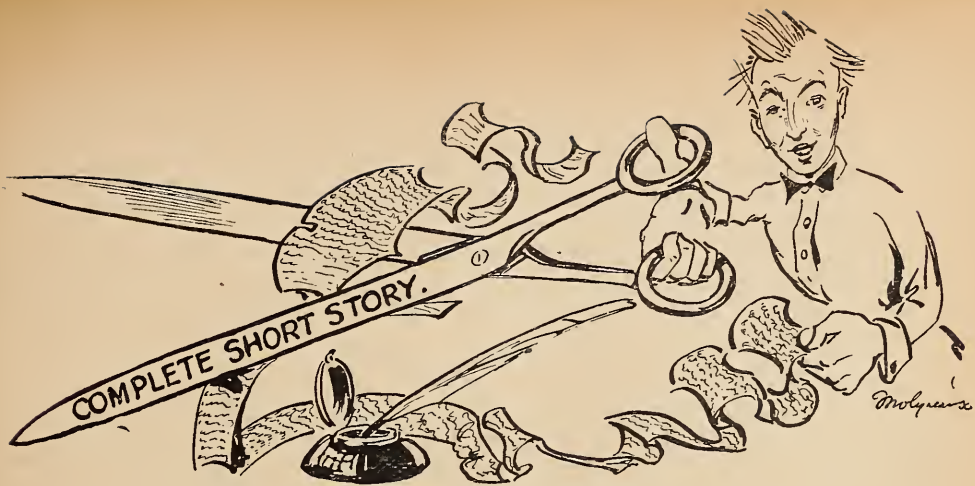
Filmore (Continuation).

time its cry, when heard by *K. vulgaris* brit. occasions great alarm. Dislikes the smell of tobacco or candle light. Is superior even to *K. superbus*. Exercises strong influence over *K. vulgaris* who follow in large droves at certain hours of the day but scatter at his approach should he show signs of displeasure. *Chess Mite or Microbe Unsocialis*. Is found distributed in large quantities over the Lager. It frequents alley-ways and lofts in pairs, where with suitable mate, its sits for long periods engrossed in pushing small pieces of wood from one position to another which appears to afford it some amusement. While some authorities think that the creature hypnotises itself and mate, others, not without reason, claim that the brains of both are addled. When disturbed it gives signs of discontent and manifests peevishness hence its name. Vocabulary, which is exceedingly limited, consists of the word "tchek". *Kriegs-gefangener Musicalis*. Found in large numbers resembling *K. Arborealis* in capillary development. Thrives best in numbers or bands, the members of which obey with more or less success the directions of their leader. The latter's ascendancy over his followers is such that upon his brandishing his antenna (one of which is armed with a small piece of wood) the *K. musicalis* utters agonising sounds either by means of the vocal organs or by rubbing the entails of cats, these being suitably prepared for the purpose. The *K. musicalis* is on certain occasions surrounded by numbers of drones who (presumably) have nothing better to do and await patiently the conclusion of the performance.

L. E. FILMORE.

TUG-OF-WAR: Barrack 4 v. Rest.

ON the 14th, the Barrack 4 tug-of-war team, who modestly call themselves "the old crocks", opposed a team chosen from the rest of the Camp. The first pull lasted 2 mins. 24 sec s. but was won without any very special exertion by the challenger. The second pull The Rest won, after a struggle lasting only 13 seconds, but some doubt as to the fairness arose owing to Barrack 4 not having properly taken the strain when the whistle blew. The third and final but was won by Barrack 4, after a most exciting struggle, which lasted 2 mins. 14 secs. For three seconds, the Rest were within half an inch of winning, but finally they lost ground altogether. All credit is due to Mr. Sadler who trained the number four team and Mr. Sullivan, who is responsible for The Resr. As Barrack 4 have been in training so long, they have decided not to accept any more challenges until next year. (thes last is Barrack Four's expression — not ours. — Ed.)



“ONE OF US”.

SOME thirty years ago a father and son mounted the packet boat at Harwich. The man bent his keen grey eyes on the numerous devices used in loading and working the vessel; the boy flitted here and there about the ship in divided interest. He had been suddenly called back from school to join his father, just appointed manager of an engineering concern on the Rhine. The boy's face, lit up by his father's grey eyes, hinted in its hazily outlined features at the man beyond. He was sixteen and what was childlike and unfinished, hid and foreshadowed at the same time the strong-willed character as yet unfixed by experience. At this moment the boy's mind was a turmoil of excited expectation, all his view bent forwards to grasp at the immediate future. Childhood is clear, eyed only for to-day; its yesterday is already sunk in despised oblivion; its tomorrow shimmers in rosy uncertainty; the years that follow tomorrow are as incalculable as the grave. Nevertheless, under the lively expectancy that thrilled the lad's heart there moved an uneasy premonition; dim appraisal of all that he was losing fingered at his throat, as recollections of the school and home he had just left played ghost-like through and across the sunlit scene about him; the receding shores of England were paid the homage of a dry sob.

Had you asked the boy, once the wild tumbling amongst new sights and sounds had given place to quiet observation and a corrected sensibility, if he were happy, a brave affirmative would doubtless have deadened your interest; yet the boy unknown to himself was fighting a bitter battle. As he moved daily from his quiet home to the gymnasium he looked back longingly at the playing fields of his English school and the healthy modest ideals that had held sway there. He struggled against this new world Fate had plunged him into, pitting his unset character against the forces that strove to mould him

into what he would not be. Conscious of a beauty and of a rightness in his past development and present state, embarrassed by the sudden cessation of the stream of influences which had guided his past days, he came to resent the never ceasing impact of new impression; he armed his young will against the hosts of everyday circumstances; clinging fast to that which he was, since he could not become what he might be.

The fight was unequal. The mass of received impressions outbalanced the momentum of his experience and the inertia of his character. Memory played him false, succumbing ere it came to close grips with reality and the lad, falling back on himself, was driven to seek refuge in reminiscence. English boyhood, toned and quickened in this enchanted atmosphere of memory, seemed very beautiful to him, he fed on the sweets of his regret, and the solid meat of present fact became distasteful to his palate.

So he passed from boyhood into youth, and through the interlude of youth into manhood. He made no friends, viewing men coldly that he might bestow more warmth on the one affection he cherished. The prowess of his fellow-students at sabre and beermug tempted him to no emulation. His work reaped advantage from this voluntary isolation, but the man's heart grew old before its time.

His subsequent career can be deduced with such certain ease from this attitude of his to life that narrative becomes routine. After leaving the gymnasium, he passed through the university, following this up by a tour through the various departments of the works under his father's control; until on the latter's death he was able to step into his shoes, receiving a share in the concern and marrying his employer's daughter.

Here was the loophole for escape from the prison he had raised up round himself. He loved the girl he had made his wife, and she, young, fresh and hungry for the luxuries of life, was ready to accept him as partner therein. But the man had no light art of love; his tongue refused to convert the gold of his emotions into the small change of wooing — that give and take which makes a lover's day a human paradise.

The quarrels that should have sealed their intimacy scared him into fastnesses of silence; egress wherefrom became increasingly difficult. Perhaps he was too big for her, certainly too unwieldly. As the years slipped by his business was gradually allowed to swallow up all other interests, his tongue grew more and more constrained, and his claim to a home, as he had conceived the thing, more and more diffident until at last, their intimacy became bitter to them, their relation a burden, and a lover relieved him of his responsibilities.

You see the man! reserved, but not heartless; cold, but not unkind; vulnerable, yet awkward at evading blows; saddest of all, ignorant of the tit-bits of life, the small pleasures of existence. The dreams that lighted his youth flicker still, but so unsubstantially as to cast more shadow than radiance, serving to impede progress rather than to light the way. His fostered regret, once fragrant of young sorrow has petrified into unreasoning hostility. He has missed the game of life, bungling its greatest adventure, Love; and, scorning himself for his failure, he scorns still more the cowardice that accepts a rival. A misanthrope? Not quite, perhaps, but in discord with life.

Such he was in 1914, when, paying the penalty of his citizenship, he was interned with his compatriots at Ruhleben. He accepted the chance that had put him there, as he came to accept all accidents bitterly congratulating himself that he had so little to lose; a new manager could easily be found, children to lament him he had none, and the one creature in any way dependent upon him had found solace already.

The five rowdy young Englishmen who shared his box, after several abortive attempts at conversation, gave him up as a bad job and he was thrown back on his own resources. Much of his time he spent reading, but most in promenading the front, brooding over the years behind him, probing the wound, real and imaginary, that life had dealt him; realising afresh in retrospect the cruelty of his wife's desertion and its natural sequence in the list of failures his life had been. The fresh voices and open eyed confidence of the men about him filled him with envy. Their lives seemed to him resonant of a spontaneous happiness he had never known, or completely forgotten. A great cry for friendship and a fresh start rose within him, and, dimly conscious that the factors of failure, as of success, reside in the individual himself, he made clumsy overtures to his box companions, half astonished to find his kinship acknowledged and the friendliness returned. Growing bolder he sought to bind himself to them by common feeling and, most difficult of all, common language, mincing their quaint catchwords, stealing their adjectives and oaths. They soon came to regard him as one of themselves, dropping the excessive courtesy that had voiced their distrust of him, and sealing the bond by coining him a nickname. Strange, the man was happy. When the football came, he was a delighted spectator, and in this sudden resurgence of English life and spirit the years that separated him from England were swept away and the links that bound him to his boyhood grew firm and strong. He had entered a prison, to find a freedom he had never known.

The first months of his internment had affected his chest and his application for release had been, after a long interval, graciously considered. One sunny afternoon he returned from the race-course, gloriously tired, to find awaiting him a summons to the authorities, where he was confronted with papers allowing him, as he might think fit, to live free and unrestricted in Germany, or to leave the country. He was dumbfounded. Leave Ruhleben, his new-found friends and his newborn happiness! Worst of all, perhaps forfeit his new-found self, to return to a loveless home and a hated routine. The man's heart sank at the prospect — to rise on a gasp as the audacious call. "Go back to England!" rang across his brain. But — but — his home, his work, the bulk of his life? — "Have brought no joy!" came the answer.

He raised his head to find the amused eyes of the officer resting on his embarrassment. A resolute smile broke his lips. "I will go back" he muttered, and stammering his thanks rushed off to tell the boys. They greeted his enthusiasm with kind understanding, packed his boxes for him, and gave him a hearty send-off.

What is the end of the story?

Do not know.

But I imagine him in the train, speeding towards England, a wild thrill at his heart and thirty years of arid memory growing smaller and smaller behind his rising courage and exultant expectation.

HUGH MILLER



ALL letters to the editor must be accompanied by name and Barrack Number of sender, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

DEAR Mr. EDITOR,

Gratters! You're making quite good. I like your paper. About another matter. — — — — —

Yours sincerely,

BAR. 5.

The Editor

"IN RUHLEBEN CAMP"

Dear Sir:—

There is a lot of complaining going on in our box, and we should like to know whether we have a right to complain

or not. Are we expected to pay for things forced upon us? We were told our box was to be whitewashed and the next day, we were all turned out of the box, and the walls were whitened. A few days later a gentleman came round, demanding 50 Pf. per man for the whitewashing, and yet we saw on the official balance sheet an item "whitewashing barracks" — why should this appear on the sheet, when we paid for it ourselves. Don't the Captains say that they receive financial assistance for necessary expenses here? Then why are we expected to pay for the box which is required to put tin cans in? Why should we pay for the table on which the coffee tins stand? We could fetch it all winter, why can't we in the summer. Further, the balance sheet contains an item "Fatigue Parties" — to do all the dirty work of the Camp. Then why do we have to spend a whole day sweating with the watering-can, picking up paper round the barracks, etc. about once a fortnight? Can any light be given on these subjects through your columns?

Yours truly

A. SUFFERER.

SIR:

I am sure the whole Camp will welcome the appearance of your paper and wish it every success! May I suggest that one very good service that "In Ruhleben Camp" could render would be to air grievances of which everybody knows there are plenty in the Camp. For a start, we might begin with the balance-sheet — judging by the number of people who have been seen making copies of that priceless document I should say it is already well on the road to immortality. There is a striking similarity between this balance sheet and the Ruhleben soup. It contains an unknown quantity of more or less recognisable ingredients floating in a sea of "etc." about which no details are forthcoming. Many people would like to see it analysed but perhaps in the process of cooking the substances have become so blended that it is impossible to separate them. Another widespread grievance is that of the "cubbyholes." These erstwhile refuges of modest students and unobtrusive people generally are fast disappearing before the inroads of trade, science and art. In one we see the beautifully printed advertisements of I. Mosenstein and Co., whilst passing by another we hear caterwauls which on inquiry are found to be stanzas from "As You Like It" — a good many of us don't like it.

Yours faithfully,

LOFTODYTE.

THE CHURCH IN THE CAMP.

IN ENGLAND the Church has had a wonderful awakening in the last ten months.

IN RUHLEBEN the Church needs fuller support to help spread the same awakening spirit.

IN ENGLAND there has been a great revival of Family Prayers, the late Lord Roberts started the movement.

IN RUHLEBEN there is 5 minutes of common prayer every Evening at 9 o'clock.

IN ENGLAND the churches have subscribed thousands of pounds for the sufferers in the War.

IN RUHLEBEN there are no collections at the services, we only ask you to come and give them your support.

If you can't take part in the Church of England Services, come to the Wednesday Evening Service, which is popular and free in character, but

do come to one of them!

The Camp Services are got up by men in the Camp FOR the Camp, and suggestions and advice are always welcome.

ADVT.

ELEPHANT & CASTLE THEATRE, RUHLEBEN.

"The Speckled Band" by A. Conan Doyle.

The Speckled Band ought to live in Ruhleben history for first it smashed the reputation of a committee and now it has made the reputation of several actors. Undoubtedly the camp has never been so held in thrall as by the production of Conan Doyle's piece and this is not to be wondered at considering that the producing and the acting were well the equal of anything we have seen on the local stage and gave the exciting character of the plot every possible opportunity to work its full on the audience. Alston, a "Rugger" full-back by the way, made the sweetest little maiden Ruhleben has yet seen while Mr. Hamlyn's fussy old grocer calls for special mention. Both space and a fear of making invidious distinctions deters us from going into further details we will just say "Heartiest" gratters all of you; especially Reynolds the producer and his assistant. Glad to note the Supermen on the back bench busy picking up hints.



“DER FIDELE BAUER”

The New Criticism.

A ticket for “Der fidele Bauer”! Here was a problem! I have heard of dramatic critics who have had to write their critique after seeing a single scene, even in one case of a well-known author who wrote a fat column without so much as attending the theatre but never have I heard of a critic who had to discuss a play not a word of which he understood.

And yet why not? If an actor really acts, one ought to get the hang of the thing without hearing what he is saying. What is the libretto after all but a mere explanation of the action? The New Drama dispenses with speech, why should not the New Criticism do the same!

To my mind, the experiment was a success. Never have I enjoyed a comic opera so much as that of Friday — perhaps it may be that the New Criticism is essentially applicable to this type of drama.

What do you say? I was there to criticism, not to enjoyed? That, thank goodness, is an error we shall soon grow out of. One day we shall understand the phrase Dramatic Critic. The critic is really nothing more than a reporter or ought to be so. Very often of course he is an essayist who pinches the reporter’s job and insists on boring the public with his own pet opinions when what the public really wants to hear is something about the play. The touchstone of criticism should be the amount of enjoyment to be extracted from a play. Thus, for critics we must have men with a genius for enjoyment (this means the sacking of ninety-nine out of every hundred present-day critics).

For instance, when I went to see “Man and Superman” I roared with joy and when I was not roaring, my whole inside was wobbling — you know how you chuckle inside of you — and I finally emerged from the theatre like a poached egg. Now, obeying the accepted canons of dramatic criticism I should have gone home and have written seven eights of a column about the idea of a Superman and talked a great deal of solemn bosh about the Life Force and then at the end have said that as Anne, Miss Ellen Terry was quite good though she hardly interpreted such and such a passage as I would have liked it to have been interpreted. I should then have thrown some

little bouquets at the other leading people and have reprimanded at least one or perhaps two of the actors just to show that I considered myself a person whose opinion the actors and public would like to have.

As a matter of fact, that is not my job at all. My job is to make the readers of my newspaper say "Well that chap had a top-hole time apparently! Let us go too," and my report on the piece will have put them into such a frame of mind (the effect of my remarks on their subconsciousness" an ordinary critic would say) that they are ready to laugh when they get there and, like me, they too would have a top-hole time.

Well, to return to the "Fidele Bauer" — we haven't been there yet by the way — first to get a programme, for I don't want to say Mr. So-and-So made me laugh in a part he didn't play. Programme in English — that's a good idea. I had got a comfy seat in the stalls and my neighbours seemed quite nice people — curious how well that wolf gets himself up in sheep's clothing. The few moments before the curtain went up I spent in looking about me. After having spent the last seven months in England it was quite interesting to find oneself back in Germany.

Ting! Back went the curtain. Several voices around me pronounced the word "Kolossal!" I took it that they meant the scenery and agreed with them. Then out came a jolly old man and I forgot to look for the shadow which the hanging lamps cast on the top of the mountain on the painted back-cloth. Then out came some more jolly old men and the old man with the grey wig I loved best of all and I hated his son. I wanted to punch him on the nose so as to put some character into his expression.

And the policeman! I shrieked with joy! He was just like an old "Comic Cuts" bobby and that is the acme of praise one can mete out to a comic policeman. You must read "Comic Cuts" when you get home to England, it is our funniest paper. Then came a Punch and Judy show and I prepared myself for more shrieks. What a disappointment! The man with the mouthorgan never even appeared and there was no dog Toby. But the girls — ripping! Really one fat little thing was quite kissable. Did you notice her turned-up pig-tails?

"Do you understand? That is the father and the son is going away to the university". This was terrible! If I couldn't shut him up my righthand neighbour would ruin the New Criticism altogether. Now how did the wretch guess that I didn't know German? I had laughed all the time, so I couldn't have laughed in the wrong place. Enter the trio with Austin

at their head — quite jolly to see Austin and Underwood, like meeting old friends abroad, Sang well too, both of them.

"You see he has to go away for three years to serve in the army and three years is a long time for a young man to be away from home" — how on earth was I to shut up this awful individual? "Yes — er — yes" I replied.

What a jolly idea to have the youngsters in. Understood part of Underwood's song, by the way "Hab' kein Geld" — soon picked that up over here. It ought to be the first phrase in the Conversation Lexicon. I roared with laughter at the Ruhleben song. The right hand one regarded me with a grieved astonishment. "Then you do understand German?" he said in a tone which implied that I had worked a horrid deception on him. I turned in righteous wrath: "My dear sir, you are laughing only with your miserable little intellect; I am laughing with my soul". That shut him up. Up to then he had regarded me merely as a rather surly beast, but the soul business convinced him that I was quite mad.

The drawing-room scene was splendid and I loved the old man and hated the son more than ever. And what a fine buxom wench, although her voice might have been a little more buxom. How did such a lunny ever get hold of her? But that is the question one always asks. The Family with a big F were absolutely life-like and the young dandy — must I confess it — made me wish I could understand what he was saying.

The orchestra realised something that no orchestra has yet realised in Ruhleben, that is, that the musicians are playing a minor role though of course a very important one and that it is their job not to drown the singers but rather to aid them in getting their voices over the footlights.

Thank-you Mr. Grib and Co., it was a splendid laggh!

"What's that you say? Might have sent someone else who understood German? Dear me now, I never thought of that!"

SPINTHO.



Mr. E. S. DAGNALL
OF THE S. S. NICOLA AS
"VICTORIA" IN THE DEAR
DEPARTED AT THE PRIVILEGE.

WOULD you like a chess page in the Camp Paper?
If so drop a postcard into our letter box.

The Ruhleben Debating Society.

*The following subjects will be discussed
at the coming meetings:*

*"That Heredity is more potent in making character
than environment."*

*"That a full appreciation of art is a symptom of
insanity."*

*"That the West has more to learn from the East than
she has to teach."*

*"That the care of the child by the state is detrimental
to the nation."*

"That in science alone lies the hope of the future."

THE RUHLEBEN

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Look out for

"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY"

INAUGURATION MEETING OF THE . . . !

FOR some time past we had noticed curious gatherings of talented and other musicians talking in subdued voices and plotting bold, bad deeds after nightfall in the shed between Barracks 10 and 11, where in other days hot sausages were sold, and we were therefore hardly surprised when a general meeting of all musicians was held on the Third Grand Stand on Tuesday, the 15th of June, enabling us to enjoy the curious spectacle of a band of musicians trying to be business-like, whilst they founded a Society of their own. It is rather regrettable, by the way, that they forgot to give their new society a name — still, you can't remember everything.

Prof. Keel was elected Chairman and, after a few preliminary remarks, asked the meeting to settle down to the important task of electing a committee. The meeting seemed quite ready to do this, with the exception of one wretched member, who would insist on definitely forming a society before electing a committee to guide its fortunes.

It was somewhere about this stage of the proceedings that the Chairman asked Mr. Bonhote "Are you taking down notes, Mr. Bonhote? You're secretary." We must admit to being rather startled at this question, no secretary having been elected yet; but apparently everything was alright, because Mr. Bonhote was seated at a table just below the Chairman with paper and pencil in front of him.

A discussion, or perhaps a duet would describe it better, now arose between the Chairman and another, as to what position the Society should take up with regard to the A. & S. U. The meeting, however, would not take up any definite position at all; the majority were apparently so upset and astonished by anyone's daring to oppose the chairman's views, that they were unable either to speak or to vote on the subject.

As a matter of fact we understand from our social spy that some of the musicians are rather sore with the A. & S. U. because the latter do not consider Gounod classical. We are really surprised at the musicians. Don't they know yet how popular Gounod's Faust is?

The Chairman now came back to his pet theory of electing a committee, and read out a list of candidates somebody had drawn up. Other gentlemen were nominated and a general vote was about to be taken, when it was discovered that no decision had been arrived at as to the number of committee-men to be elected. This trifling difficulty having been successfully overcome, and the number having been fixed at 6, excluding the president, the following were elected: Mr. Bocquet, Chairman, Mr. Bainton, Vice-Chairman, Mr. Bonhote, Secre-

tary and Messrs. Peebles-Conn, Treharne, Dale, Weber, Keel and Pauer.

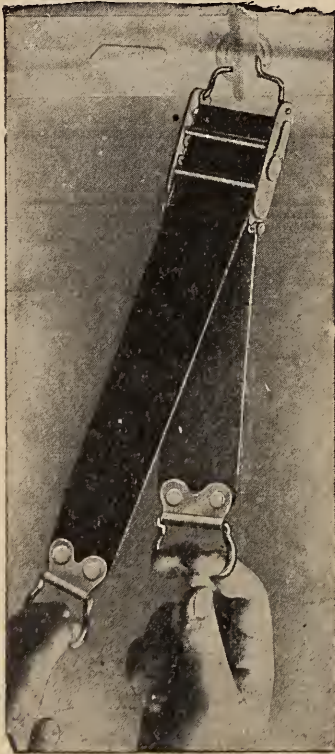
If Mr. Bonhote can foresee the wishes of the committee with the same happiness that he foresaw the meeting's wishes with regard to himself, he should prove a very valuable man.

Two members tied for the last place on the Committee so the President secured an easy solution of the difficulty by ordering one of them to stand down.

The election over, the Chairman thought "that would do for the present" and dismissed the meeting with a few kindly words.

The whole affair was a fine example of that feeling of friendliness and sympathy which unites the musicians of the Camp. It was not even found necessary to take down the names and addresses of those present, so as to know who actually belonged to the Society, everyone presumably knowing everyone else.

T. G.



Should you ever feel

the need of sharpening old Gillette or other wafer blades or if you have a friend here or anywhere who has such requirements please remember that the patentee of the

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2. Efforts will be made — Firstly, to keep these articles constantly in stock, and Secondly, to introduce as many new articles as is possible.
3. Any article with no price opposite, is, for that day, not in stock.
4. Should any article be sold out during the day, this will be notified on the price-list.
5. Please look at the price-list before "lining up". It will save you and the salesmen a lot of time.



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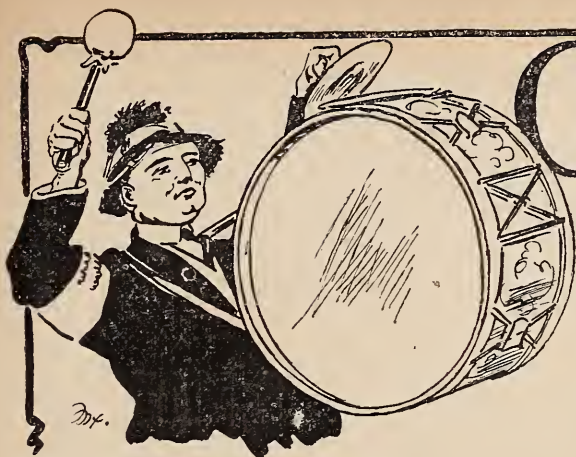
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# OFFICIAL NOTICES

*Copy of letter received  
from*

*JAMES GERARD, Esq.,*

*Ambassador of The United States of America, in Berlin.*

Mr. J. POWELL,  
Captain of the Camp,  
Engländerlager, Ruhleben.

Berlin, May 25<sup>th</sup>. 1915.

Sir,

Your statement of account for the Camp Funds up to and including April 10<sup>th</sup>. last was duly received, and I am glad to know that the funds are so excellently managed and books so ably kept. I herewith transmit to you the Auditor's certificate respecting the above mentioned statement, so that it may, as suggested, be posted up in the Camp.

I am Sir,  
Enclosure.  
GM/ CB/MC.

Your obedient Servant,  
(Signed) JAMES GERARD.

(Copy.)

## *Auditor's Certificate.*

I hereby certify that I have examined the books and vouchers pertaining to the preparation of the Financial Statement for the period ending 10<sup>th</sup>. April last, and have much pleasure in stating that the above mentioned statement is a true and correct account of the Financial Transactions relating to the Camp Funds, as shown by the books and vouchers.

All payments made are in order and correctly charged to their respective accounts, and the books have been carefully and properly kept.

(Signed) CHAS. BLOEDT,  
Auditor appointed

Berlin, May 25<sup>th</sup>. 1915.

by the American Embassy.

# STOP PRESS!

## Card playing is strictly forbidden!



# RUHLEBEN EMPIRE

## GRAND VARIETY SHOW

June 24<sup>th</sup>, 25<sup>th</sup>, 26 & 27<sup>th</sup>.

### SKETCH:

#### THE BARBER'S SHOP & STAR PROGRAMME

Proceeds of First two shows for  
:: benefit of Music-hall Artistes ::

Box Office open Wednesday June 23<sup>rd</sup>  
and following days. 4.30-6 p.m.

Commence 6.30 p.m.

# RUHLEBEN BRITISH CONCENTRATION CAMP.

*Financial Statement to 10<sup>th</sup>. April 1915.*

## RECEIPTS:

|                                                                                                                                                       |           |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| a) For Camp Fund ex American Embassy to cover distribution of Margarine, Sugar, etc. and general Camp expenses . . . . .                              | 22,000.—  |
| For Camp Fund ex Other Sources, viz:                                                                                                                  |           |
| Donations. O'Hara Murray, Esq., Collections in Barracks, Proceeds of Concerts, Variety Shows, Canteens, Boilers, Parcel Post Department, etc. . . . . | 21,458.90 |
| b) For Relief in Cash ex King Edward VII Fund . . . . .                                                                                               | 10,401.—  |
| c) For Relief in Cash (weekly) ex American Embassy . . . . .                                                                                          | 69,000.—  |

## EXPENDITURE:

Relief afforded:

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |            |            |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|------------|
| General Camp Relief, Distribution of Margarine, Sugar, etc. . . . . (a)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 13,495.85  |            |
| General Camp Relief, through First Aid Society . . . . . (a)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 779.58     |            |
| Weekly Relief in Cash ex Embassy . . . . . (c)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 67,289.50  |            |
| King Edward VII Fund, Cash Distribution . . . . . (b)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 10,150.—   |            |
| Amount expended in Organisation and Upkeep of Camp, viz:                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |            |            |
| Wages paid to interned prisoners (Latrines, Kitchens, Fatigue Parties, etc.) . . . . . (a)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 3,195.20   |            |
| Disinfecting and Sanitary arrangements, Medicines, Hospital Expenses, Funeral Expenses, Office Books and Stationery, Grand Stand Seating Accommodation and Stages, making good damage done to Camp property, Repairs to windows, Purchase of utensils such as Bread Cutting machines, Pails, Brooms, Watering Cans, etc. Shop Fixtures and Shelves Canteen Improvements, Alteration to Parcels Post Department Office, Bridging Race Course Track, Deposit to Race Course Association for permission to use ground for playing purposes, etc. etc. . . . . (a) | 6,394.71   |            |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 101,304.84 | 122,859.90 |
| Cash in Hand and at Bank . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 11,891.41  |            |
| Stock in Trade at Canteens . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 20,266.32  |            |
| Sundry Debtors . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 1,933.73   |            |
| Items paid in advance, Rent, etc. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 353.—      |            |
| Sundry Creditors for Goods, etc supplied . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |            | 9,032.73   |
| Sundry Creditors for Cash on Deposit . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |            | 3,856.67   |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 135,749.30 | 135,749.30 |

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